2017 Askbox Prompts

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2017 Askbox Prompts

by kototyph

Summary

Mostly from this writing prompt challenge.

CH1: "12. writer and editor au - hannigram" T
CH2: "34. and finn/poe in 34 - meeting at a masquerade ball au" T
CH3: "25. sastiel please - librarian/avid reader au" T
CH4: "destiel 38 for the mini fic thing - cop/person getting a speeding ticket au" T
CH5: "Jody Mills and Linda Tran for 12, Donna is welcome if you write poly! - writer and editor au" T
CH6: "#37 Jo and Charlie - meeting in prison au" M
CH7: "49 Samifer, please? Dub-con? - boss/intern au" M
CH8: "zebra" Reed900, Pre-PWP/UST, Robodicks, T
CH9: "Obi-Wan and Padme falling in love as old people" G
CH10: "castiel is a sex god" E
CH11: Supernatural 86 Ellen/Mary “I got you a present.” T
CH12: Destiel for prompt 83? "Just Once." T
CH13: sastiel, for "Body Swap"! E

12. writer and editor au - hannibal

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Snobbery Abounds, Hannibal Would Write THE WORST Books, Will Graham Wants to Go Back to the Classics Department

Will is underdressed, soaking wet, and has a cup of black coffee in his hands that cost seven dollars; all of which are excuses he'll give Alana when this client drops them for Simon and Schuster or someshit after seven years with Bloom Publishing and exactly one late afternoon meeting with him.

"... 'a pile of pretentious garbage,'" the client, one Dr. Lecter, repeats. "I see."

The wine bar cum coffee shop, Lecter's preference for the meeting, is unnecessarily dim and a bit too warm. It almost makes the rain outside seem atmospheric, rather than a huge pain in the ass for anyone commuting downtown via public transportation instead of private car, or however Lecter got here. The man has a dusting of mist on the shoulders of his velvety-looking plaid suitjacket, but is otherwise dry down to his wingtips. Opposite him, Will's buttery leather armchair is doing a great job preserving the puddle growing at the seat of his pants.

"Perhaps you'd care to elaborate," Lecter says mildly, and Will sets his jaw.

"I'm sorry if that was too frank ," he says, because he owes Alana at least that much. "However, from the standpoint of your previous work, this particular manuscript seems... less developed ."

According to Will's research, Dr. Lecter is a practicing psychiatrist who occasionally deigns to write what could charitably be called cerebral mystery novels. This book, if it ever makes it to publishing, is in the same vein, and in its current state absolutely unreadable.

"I see," Lecter says again, fingers steepled in front of him. "Please, continue."

Will takes a sip from the tall, narrow mug he'd been handed. It tastes weirdly fruity, but at least it's hot. "At a thirty-thousand foot view? The themes you address are complex, and you don't have enough progression in the plot to sustain interest or give emotional impact to the conclusion. This is basically five hundred pages of navel-gazing. This character, the murderer, wins by default-- your protagonist *thinks* himself to death*."*

Lecter has a faint smile, but before he can speak Will holds up a hand.

"Trust me, I know what you're about to say. Your book is not going to be on airport bookstore shelves. It's not for beach reading. Understood. That doesn't absolve you from the

basics of structuring."

"An interesting choice of words," Lecter muses. "One that implies I'm committing some kind of crime against literature, yes?"

"I wouldn't go that far," Will says, taking another sip of coffee. He's starting to shiver, even in the heavy warmth of the small bar. "I'm just laying out the reasoning behind my comments in the draft."

"I received them," Lecter says. "I must confess, they are quite a bit more detailed that I am used to receiving from Mr. Chilton."

And when they finally find the guy, I'll be happy to swap back, Will promises silently. "All the editors at Bloom have their own styles. The goal is not to make this draft unrecognizable from the original, it's to give it a little more life than your last monograph on psychotic symptoms and Graves' disease."

Lecter gives him a slow blink. "You've read that," he says.

"I've read everything you've ever publically published," Will says bluntly. Every bloody psychological thriller and niche entry in staid psychiatry tracts, and, "A lot of it was brilliant. Which is why I feel qualified to say that this needs work."

"A lot of it," Lecter echos, eyebrows raising.

"Most of it," Will says, a bit grudgingly, and Lecter's faint smile makes another appearance.

"Then, Mr. Graham, I look forward to working with you."

34. and finn/poe in 34 kthnxseeutomorrowbai - meeting at a masquerade ball au

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Alternate Universe - World War II, Escape the Nazi Castle, Finn is My Knight in Shining Armor

meeting at a masquerade ball au

“Hey. Hey!” someone hisses.

Poe stirs, then twitches violently as he realizes there’s a figure looming over him. It’s hard to make out details; the light above the table is off, and at some point in the during his last session with the First Order’s intelligence officers, blood had seeped down and congealed around one eye. He blinks, and the gummy lid comes slowly unstuck.

“Are you Dameron?” the figure demands, bending closer. “The pilot?”

“… who’s asking?” Poe whispers, hoarse and sore. He’s honestly curious, because either the Order has finally succeeded in breaking his mind, or there’s a man in a Teutonic knight’s helmet and chainmail hauberk accosting him.

“That’s not important,” the knight says impatiently. “I’m here to get you out.”

“You what?” Poe mumbles, but the knight is already kneeling down to yank at the straps keeping his ankles tied to the table. “Wait, seriously?”

“Yeah, seriously,” the knight says, and stars he sounds young. But Poe’s legs are coming free, then his shoulders, and then there are mailed hands under his shoulders pulling him off the table and onto his feet. When his knees buckle, there’s an arm around his waist to hold him up. “Listen, I need you to—”

There’s a burst of sound from somewhere above them as a door opens, jaunty music and raucous laughter. The knight freezes in place, and Poe does too, staring at the stone steps that lead into the dungeon where a long shaft of light has appeared.

There are footsteps, and the door closes again. The light disappears. It’s quiet for one second, two, and against Poe’s side the knight lets out a long, silent breath.

“What—”

“Look,” the knight says, turning to him. In the cold blue moonlight filtering in from the barred windows, Poe sees the shine of one dark eye in the slit of the helmet. The knight holds up an armful of dark fabric. “I need you to put these on, okay?”

“What?” Poe asks as the knight pushes it on him, hands coming up automatically. “Why? What going on?”

The fabric unfurls in a floor-sweeping cloak, which Poe can see the utility of, but there’s also a black domino mask and a broad-brimmed hat with a long feather plume in the band. Poe stares down at it a bit too long, and the knight snatches the mask from the top of the pile and pulls it down over his head.

“There’s a party upstairs, and we have to go through it,” he says, grabbing the hat next. “I just need you to follow my lead, okay?”

He thrusts the hat at Poe’s chest, and Poe slowly reaches out to take it. The cloak is heavy and warm, the cowl deep as he pulls it up and settles the hat on top of it. “Is that it?”

“Crap, you have blood on your face,” the knight says, a little panicky. His hand comes up, but stops as Poe flinches back.

“I’ll get it,” Poe mutters, ducking his head and wiping under his nose, across his mouth.

“Hey,” the knight says again, a little softer. “Look, it’s going to be fine. Everyone up there is drunk as hell and no one’s even guarding the hangar.”

“The hangar,” Poe says. “You need a pilot. You’re Resistance?”

“No!” the knight says. “Well, maybe. I guess, after this.”

“So you’re… defecting?”

The knight stares at him, then flings his arms out. “I’m *trying to!*” he says in a whisper-shout. “And rescue you! I was assuming you’d be on board with that!”

Poe laughs, a huff of noise that hurts his throat. Well, what has he got to lose? “Okay, kid. Lead the way.”

“I’m a stormtrooper, not a kid,” the knight says, and grabs his hand. “Come on, Dameron. We need to be gone yesterday.”

25. sastiel please - librarian/avid reader au

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Librarians Do It Better, Declaration Muffin, Fear the 'Fiche

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

25. librarian/avid reader au

Under the reference desk, on a shelf about the height of his knees, Castiel maintains an irregular but meticulously curated rotation of books. They have no particular relation to one another. They're new, most of them, or so old they exist only in the library's undigitized card catalog (last updated in 1982). He keeps this collection in a cast-off copy paper box with a lid, where his fellow reference librarians won't see and ask questions about it. It includes both fiction and nonfiction, periodicals, and the occasional length of microfiche. Right now, it also contains a freshly baked banana muffin, carefully separated from old paper and cardstock by the three-ring binder that houses their printer manual.

However, the reference desk is slow this Wednesday, and librarians are known to be particularly nosy. Kevin is wordsmithing his thesis under the guise of working, and Charlie has been staring at her phone for the past hour; when he returns from a coffee run, Castiel is almost unsurprised to find her under his side of the desk, clearly searching for something.

"I smell baked goods," she says accusingly as Castiel sets her mug on the counter above her head. The script on the side reads, SHE BLINDED ME WITH LIBRARY SCIENCE.

"You know the rules," Kevin says from his assistant's station across the way. "No food or drinks around the books—"

"Unless you're sharing," Charlie chimes in, slightly muffled. "Cough it up, Novak."

"It's not for me, or you," Castiel says with dignity, pulling out his chair. "Yes, ma'am, may I help you?"

"Oh," the woman on the other side of the counter says, eyeing Charlie's position. Her toddler is trying to peer over the edge to see what his mother is looking at. "Could you tell me where the children's books are?"

"Ooo, what's in the box?" Charlie says, pulling it out.

“Be *careful* with that,” Castiel says. “The children’s books are on the lower level— I can take you to the preschooler’s section, if you like.”

“Oh, that would be nice,” the woman says nervously as Charlie pops up with the box in her hands.

“That’s private,” Castiel says to Charlie, and to the woman, “please, follow me.”

There was probably nothing else he could have said to better inflame their interest, and so of course when he comes back up the stairs both Charlie and Kevin have unpacked the box and strewn the contents over the entire reference desk, including microfiche, muffin, and easily thirty pounds of miscellaneous reading material.

“I don’t get it,” Charlie informs him.

“I *really* don’t get it,” Kevin affirms, holding up a recent land survey and photocopies of a series of newspaper clippings from the 1900s. “Is this for an outside project?”

“Of a sort,” Castiel says, pulling it firmly out of his grip.

“Um,” says a new voice, and Castiel looks up and sees Sam standing in front of the desk with a quizzical look on his face, eyes tracking over the mess spread across the desks.

“There you are,” Castiel says, and hands him the land surveys. “Topographical and soil type maps included. McHenry County is on Drummer Silty Clay Loam. And here are a few articles from the last time the… anomalies you mentioned were seen.” He picks up another book. “Here’s a new folklore compendium put out by the community college. It has a section devoted to Algonquin tribal myth.” Another, bigger book. “The book from Galloise County Public Library on Irish immigrant settlers. I need it back in five days.” A new issue of Popular Mechanic. “For Dean.” A sheaf of handwritten notes. “Isa Wells was in yesterday and I asked her about the… anomalies. She had a few things that might be helpful.” And at the very top of the stack, which now nearly reaches Sam’s chin, Castiel gently places the banana muffin. “For the road,” he says.

It’s a little hard to meet Sam’s eyes with Charlie and Kevin hovering with palpable interest just over his shoulder, but the man’s slow smile is worth it. “You know I’m going to have to eat this before I get in the car,” Sam says.

“They sell them at the end of the street if he wants his own,” Castiel says, which is as good as admitting that he’d gone and bought a muffin specifically to give to Sam, only for Sam and dear Lord. Oh, God.

But Sam smile just broadens, and he says, “I’ll let him know. See you soon, Cas,” with a soft undercurrent of *something* that leaves Castiel’s face hot, blinking dazedly after him as he turns and heads for check-out counter.

“Whoa,” Kevin says.

“*Castiel,”* Charlie breathes in delight.

“No,” Castiel says preemptively, still blushing, and settles the lid on the box again.

Chapter End Notes

#wherein human!Cas acts like a satellite Bobby/bunker when the Winchesters are far away from home? #¯_(ツ)_/¯

whispering destiel 38 for the mini fic thing

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Horror, Midwestern Gothic, Demons, I Did Way Too Much Unnecessary Research On Parking Tickets in Illinois for This Fic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

38. cop/person getting a speeding ticket au

“Oh, he’s hot,” the drunk and disorderly in the back seat says, leaning over as much as she can to peer through the grate between the headrests. “What’s his name? I can’t read it from here.”

“It’s none of your business,” Castiel says, scanning through the file on the MDT. Dean Hendrix, 27 and an Illinois native, grins up at him from the screen with the same easy charm he’d layered on when Castiel had first walked up to his window. According to the DMV, his eyes are hazel, but they’d looked very green in Castiel’s flashlight. No history of moving violations, not even a parking ticket, and a criminal record that’s similarly clean. But he’d been going so far over the speed limit it was technically a felony, on a gravel road to boot, and Castiel’s in no mood to grant favors.

“At least tell me if he’s legal,” the woman whines. “If you throw him back here, I want to know how creepy I can be.”

“Ms. Masters, please,” Castiel mutters, eyes on his pen and ticketbook. “Contain yourself.”

“So— a little? A lot?”

Castiel privately decides he will not be bringing Dean back to the cruiser, even if the man is drinking directly out of a whiskey bottle when he goes back to hand him this ticket. He opens his door and the warm night air rushes in, heavy with the smell of rain.

Wind is driving the light rain in sheets, rippling and quiet on the road and the shoulders of Castiel’s clear raincoat. They’re far enough out in the country, in the tall corn and dense soy, that everything outside of Castiel’s headlights is a murky black. The shadows twine long and febrile against the wet ground. Dean gives him another smile when Castiel reaches the car, sprawled loose and relaxed across the front bucket seat. “Hi again, officer.”

“Mr. Hendrix,” Castiel says gravely, and his face falls a little.

“Man, really?”

“The speed limit in this zone is fifty-five,” Castiel says, and tears out the thin pink slip. “You’ll be required to show up in court, whether you plead guilty or innocent, and the court date is set for a month from now. I hope—”

“Hey.”

Dean Hendrix is still smiling but his body is still, his face gone fixed and rigid. His eyes are on his side mirror, slightly wider than they were before.

“Hey, officer. Can I tell you something?”

“What would that be?” Castiel says. There’s something about the way the man is staring at the mirror that makes him uncomfortable.

Dean slowly turns his head to look up at him. “There’s a reason I was speeding.”

“You told me,” Castiel says. “You were trying to get to a party. You’re late.”

“I lied,” Dean says, blinking hard.

“I assumed so, yes. You’re hardly the first person to lie about that.”

“The real reason is that I was trying to get away from something,” Dean says, face drawn, eyes fever-bright. “Something bad.”

Castiel’s unease is growing, and he shifts his weight back on one heel.

“Don’t look back,” Dean says.

Castiel stares at him. “Why?” he says, and then something moves out of the corner of his eye, from the direction of the cruiser behind them.

“*Don’t*,” Dean says urgently, his fingers twitching, and Castiel doesn’t dare take his eyes off of him. “Don’t look. We’re having a nice conversation about this fucking ticket. Everything’s fine. Is there someone in your car?”

“What?” Castiel asks, dry-mouthed, watching Dean’s hand clench on the side of the car, the other with a white-knuckled grip on his knee.

“Is there someone in your car with you?” Dean repeats, pitching his voice under the susurrus of the rain. “Do you remember where you picked them up?”

“I… she was drunk,” Castiel says, searching for the memory. Truck stop? Gas station? “It was close by.”

“I bet it was,” Dean says. “Just keep looking at me, alright?”

Castiel swallows, and settles a hand on his belt, closer to his gun. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing is going on. You’re giving me a ticket, and I’m trying to talk you out of it, and in a second you’re going to come around the front of the car. Maybe you saw something on the floor that made you suspicious. Maybe you want to make sure my headlights are both working.”

One of the cruiser’s doors slams shut.

“*Shit*,” Dean says, and brings up a sawed-off shotgun he’d been hiding behind his leg.

Castiel is diving away from the car as Dean brings the barrel up, and his entire focus is on the tall cornstalks pressing up to the sides of the narrow road and the cover they can offer. He’s not looking when the shotgun goes off, and he’s not looking when something *shrieks,* a raw shredded-metal sound that tears at his ears. The darkness around him is thrashing, roiling like a thunderstorm, and when the shotgun fires again it shudders with red edges.

He’s down on the wet gravel, panting, palms sore from the impact and water soaking into the knees of his pants. He doesn’t remember getting there, and flinches violently when he realizes that someone is standing next to him. He rolls and yanks his pistol out, blinking furiously in the rain, and Dean stops with his hands raised.

“Hey, it’s okay. It’s gone now.”

The darkness has gone flat and black, still like death. Dean has blood dripping down his forehead, all the way to his chin.

“You can put the gun away,” he says. “Really.”

Castiel just stares at him. “What,” he says. “What the *hell.”*

“Well, look at that,” Dean says. “Right on the first guess.”

Chapter End Notes

> #castiel goes on to have a slow methodical breakdown over the whiskey dean does in fact have stashed in the trunk #while dean makes soothing noises and tells him #no #you're not crazy #the shadows did just try to eat you

#37 Jo and Charlie - meeting in prison au

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Ladies' Prison Shenanigans

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

#37 - meeting in prison au

"Oh *yeah,* baby," Charlie says with a leer. "Come to mama, you're so pretty—"

Jo chooses not to be offended that it's the phone she's talking to, a shiny newest generation iPhone that had somehow made its way out of the warden's back pocket and down Jo's workshirt. Charlie makes grabby hands and Jo passes it to her with an eyeroll.

"I'm going to do *such* bad things to you," Charlie murmurs, hefting a hammer. "Oh, yes."

"Do you want to be alone together?" Jo says, leaning back again the wall.

"Oh, honey, don't be jealous," Charlie says, already cracking open the casing with deft little taps. "You're getting at least thirty minutes of head for this one, especially if I can get it hooked up before they call dinner."

"A good grab, then?" Jo asks, a little strained because there are a bunch of girls right outside this closet who might hear her. Still pleased, though, because she's had to get pretty damn close to Buckley's hairy ass to get the thing.

Charlie grins at her, eyes bright and hair falling loose from her ponytail. "That, and I really like giving you head."

"That's fair," Jo allows, and Charlie laughs while she eviscerates the phone.

Chapter End Notes

#\o/ #Charlie is building a supercomputer that will allow her to rule the world #which #incidentally #is what got her in prison in the first place

Jody Mills and Linda Tran for 12, Donna is welcome if you write poly!

Chapter Summary

Chapter warnings/tags: Domestic Lesbian Creatives, Yelling

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

12. writer and editor au

“Oh, hello there,” she says, surprised but making sure her smile is extra big for the little boy who answers the door. “My name’s Donna! Are your parents home, by any chance?”

The boy just stares at her.

“Your mom? Dad?” she tries.

In the hallway leading into the house, a tow-headed girl sticks her head around a corner. “Oh my God,” she says. “Seriously?”

“Seriously,” says the boy, who’s looking at Donna like she’s a particularly underwhelming school pet.

“Um. Maybe we can talk inside—?” Donna starts, but the girl’s head disappears.

“*Mom,”* she hears, “*I told you! Someone called the cops on you!”*

“What?” An older, female voice.

“I said they called *the* cops*!”*

“Who did? Why?”

“I don’t know! They probably heard the screaming!”

“Anyway, our moms’re home,” the boy says, and leans back with his hand on the knob. “I guess you can come in, if you’re a police officer.”

He pulls the door all the way open, then trots away, leaving Donna deeply confused and stranded at the edge of the foyer rug.

“O-o-okay then,” she says to herself, slowly stepping forward, and then yelps in surprise as a door crashes open and a tiny woman in an apron appears, complete with murderous-looking hand trowel.

“I’m not keeping her chained up in the basement, or whatever that sick old man thinks!” she yells, shaking the trowel at Donna.

“*You might as well be!*” a second woman yells through the door. From the direction of the sound and stairs beyond the doorway, she probably is in the basement.

“I see,” Donna says weakly.

The first women whirls and says, “Jody! You are not helping!”

“He’s saving me. We’re going to run away together on his ugly-ass boat, and my next book will be a Jimmy Buffet tribute.”

“Nice try! You’re on contract for four more books with Hachette, including the one that I am supposed to be editing *right now.*”

“We’ll fake my murder, and frame you. It won’t be hard.”

“If you have time to come up with that, you have time to write! Write!”

“Ma’am,” Donna says, and tries not to quail when the tiny woman turns on her. “We, ah, received a noise complaint and—” The woman is swelling like a bullfrog, and Donna hastily pushes out, “And I’d appreciate the opportunity to speak with your partner. Before I go. If that’s okay?”

Before the tiny woman can explode, there are footsteps on the stairs, and Jody emerges to wrap her arms around her wife. From Donna’s perspective, this looks a bit like hugging a nuclear warhead.

“Linda. Hun. If you scare the nice police officer, who’s going to save us from burglars?”

“I have a gun,” the first woman, Linda, mutters.

“And a permit,” Jody adds hastily, looking up at Donna. “Listen, I am so sorry about this. Can I make you some coffee?”

“Ohmygodyourejodymills,” Donna squeaks out, because *Black Heart* is on her nightstand right this minute in hardcover because she just couldn’t wait that long. The solemn face from the dust jacket is now blinking at her surprise from the above her wife’s head.

“Why, yes,” Jody says, starting to smile. “Yes I am.”

“*No*,” Linda says. “You are an irresponsible and endlessly procrastinating—”

“Can I sign something for you?” Jody says, already moving around Linda towards her. “Come on in, I’ve got plenty of promo copies if you don’t. Let’s talk about your favorite. I’ll

get a new pot going just for you."

"Jody!"

"She's a guest, we can't just let her go empty-handed."

"I don't want to be any trouble," Donna says, faint and getting fainter as Jody Mills, the crime writer of the century, puts her arm over her shoulders. *Oofda hey.*

"You're trouble! Now leave!"

"Honey, you're *fine.* Let's go sit down."

Chapter End Notes

#donna gets in her squad car three hours later literally awash in coffee #but still goes directly to the nearest liquor store #and gets herself the nicest merlot on sale because FUCK

49 Samifer, please? Dub-con? - boss/intern AU

A few people follow them out of the fundraiser and down the steps, men in bowties and women in long satin dresses. They seem drawn irresistibly in Lucem's wake, and he has a ready smile and handshakes for all of them, lingers over his goodbyes with what looks like sincere warmth and regrets for a night cut short. Sam is left stranded next to the limo, hovering near the open door and the stone-faced chauffeur who holds it open.

He's keenly aware, just as he had been all night, of his wrinkled suitjacket and plain tie, the lack of Italian silk or leather anywhere on his person. Lucem hadn't told him it was black tie, had just said come, and dragged Sam straight from his desk into the car. He likes keeping the staffers on their toes, he'd told Sam and rest at the start of the year. On their toes is one way to put it.

There are still a few photographers outside from when the gala opened, and a few snap pictures of the departing guests as they drift by. Lucem gives them a cheery wave as he trots down the last of the steps and swings himself into the car, Sam folding in after him as quickly as he can. He hates the cameras at these things.

The car starts rolling, and Lucem seems to be lost in thought, gazing out the window with his hand over his mouth. Sam takes the opportunity to ease his phone out of his pocket, aiming to do some of the work he'd had to abandon for this event. Tomorrow afternoon is still a hopeless snarl of competing meetings, and there are about ten emails he should have sent before close of business. He'd spent the interminable hours of the gala writing them in his head, so maybe if he starts now and writes that briefing on the metro home, he can actually get to sleep before—

Across from him, Lucem says, "Sam."

Sam's fingers lock up on the keyboard.

"Put that thing away?" Lucem asks, smiling faintly. "You're making me tired just looking at you."

Sam clutches it a little tighter. "There, ah. There are a few things we should discuss for tomorrow. The lobbyist meeting after lunch you asked for, it conflicts with—"

"Put it away," Lucem says, "and come here."

Sam swallows thickly, and slips it back in his pocket. He starts to shift over on the seat.

"Sam," Lucem says, still smiling.

Sam gets down in the floor and crawls forward, the car rumbling quietly under this hands. Lucem spreads his legs obligingly so Sam can kneel between them, hands coming up to tilt Sam's face to his.

“You work so hard for me,” he says, a satisfied gleam in his eyes. Washington slides by outside the windows, embassies and hotels and federal office buildings. “You know how much I appreciate it, don’t you, Sam?”

Sam nods, and when Lucem’s fingers tighten he manages, “Yes.”

“Good.” Lucem drops his hands, leans back against the plush seat. After a moment, Sam’s hands rise to the button on his trousers, opening it.

“Good boy,” Lucem says approvingly, and Sam ducks his head and shudders.

"zebra" Reed900, Pre-PWP/UST, Robodicks

Chapter Summary

1) i have no idea what this prompt was originally from/for
2) @annundriel and @marsastronomica have been filling my dash with detroit: become human art and what was I supposed to do, not write about the robot murderboys????
3) does RK900 have an actual name or nah

"God fucking-- could you just *speak*? Out *loud*?"

It's Designation "Reed, Detective Gavin" asking, so RK900's aural subroutine automatically filters the question out in favor of continued analysis of the blue fluid splashing diagonally across a store display in front of him. The venue sells several hundred types of detachable android modifications; this particular table is devoted to synthetic genitals of varying sizes and models— some clearly zoologically-inspired, some from human mythology and popular culture.

"Hey, chips-for-brains, I'm talking to you!"

Lying beneath the table is one of the former shop assistants, a deactivated CA430 with her limbs and some internals forcibly removed and strewn about the premises. Although there is heavy damage to her chassis, RK800 #313 248 317-51 reports through their closed comm line that the CA430's major memory banks are unharmed— albeit located in a dumpster three blocks away with the remains of a second, newer CA model.

//Multiple victims?// RK900 sends.

//Pieces of at least one more,// RK800 responds. *//Tell Reed.//*

RK900 sends back an audio file of a donkey braying, which is exactly what it sounds like when the man in question grabs his shoulder from behind and yells, "*Hey!"*

Reed attempts to wrench him around to face him. RK900 doesn't move so much as an inch, and says, "Hello, Detective Reed," without looking up from the display. "Spray pattern analysis indicates at least seven separate blows to the torso were sustained by the Alison CA430 model before her disarticulation. Connor has recovered her memory banks and evidence that another CA series—" RK800 is transmitting photos of the dumpster's interior. "-- a CA560, to be specific, was involved in the incident."

RK800's analysis hadn't narrowed it down that far yet. RK900 sends him *//:smugness://* and a voice clip from the 900 series release, *//Faster, stronger, more resilient, and equipped with new features and the latest technologies.//*

RK800 sends him back the donkey bray. Rude.

“Fucking great,” Reed is saying, dropping his hand. “Listen, Arkay-whateverthefuck, I’m not here to sit on my ass and watch you and the other plastic prick blink your little lights at each other, I’m…”

When the rest of the rant is not forthcoming, RK900 looks over his shoulder and sees Reed staring fixedly ahead. His expression is difficult to interpret even with RK900’s superior suite of somatic observation applications, though his wide eyes and open mouth seem to indicate some kind of shock.

RK900 follows his gaze to the display, with its various exotic and brightly-colored hardware. There are certainly an abundance of options on hand, from the flesh-toned and simple to the wildly esoteric and potentially hazardous, if utilized without proper preparation. Numerous additions for vibration and self-lubrication present themselves, as well as a plethora of stretching, knotting, warming, and twisting functions.

RK900 looks back at Reed, whose face is turning a blotchy red. His stare, which is darting around the table with increasing rapidity, suddenly returns to RK900 and freezes there. His expression is beginning to resemble panic, now, and something else as yet undefined.

RK900’s eyes narrow, processing.

“Yo, Reed! Shop around on your own time,” Designation “Chen, Detective Tina” says as she carries an evidence bag past them. “Though I can personally recommend the Bad Dragon brand if you and Connor 2: the Connoring are looking for something *really* fun.”

“That’s not—! That’s *fucking disgusting,”* Reed sputter-shouts after her, apparently shaken out of whatever stupor had gripped him. “Fuck you, Chen!”

She’s laughing as she exits the store. RK900, who enjoys causing discomfort in humans in general and in this particular human whenever possible, picks up a zebra-striped box that’s unmarred by any blue vitals and holds it up to the light. “This one offers a combination of penetrating organs,” he says, scanning the packaging. “And promises half an hour for all hardware and supplementary software installation. Quite good for the price point, wouldn’t you say?”

He gives Reed a look of bland inquiry, and Reed *purples* before snarling, “*Shut the fucking hell up,*” and slamming past him.

When RK800 wanders in some minutes later, RK900 has moved on from the display and is documenting the torn wires and titanium jointing at the neck of the CA430, one dedicated process estimating the amount of torque required to pull the head free, several others devoted to analyzing instances of the color purple in humans.

//*What did you say to Reed? He left extremely quickly,//* RK800 sends, along with a video of an unmarked cruiser taking a corner at speed and roaring away from the scene.

//*What input has led to the conclusion I said anything?//*

The donkey bray makes another occurrence. RK800 raises his eyebrows.

RK900 tilts his head to the side, considering. //*When you and Designation "Anderson, Lieutenant Henry 'Hank'" became sexual partners, what form of genitalia did you—?*//

RK800 does not even let him finish the transmission before pouring a deluge of malware into the comm line and dropping out, which leaves RK900 with a persistent headache but lingering sense of satisfaction for the remainder of their work period and rest cycle.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

> *how about star wars canon aU, padme lives and starts the rebellion, but has to sorta stay behind the scenes for obvious reasons, and be all stealthy and shit, and then i guess have obi-wan live or something? b/c i basically i want them falling in love as old ppl, like a "wow i never actually thought about u romantically at all" "but now when we're both greying and old" "we should totally be together" like i dunno about the details, and how to make it work w/ canon*
>
> NEITHER DO I (party horn)

Chapter Notes

> Alternate Universe - Handwave Handwave Padmé Lives, Obi Wan Nursing Secret Sand Kink, It Was You All Along

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I must admit,” she says, “I rather thought you’d grow tired of sand.”

Obi-Wan has a rusted chuckle for that, and hot tea for her hands. She wears thin gloves and a cloak of the same deep color, either brown or red— impossible to tell in the dim light— which falls in folds around her shoulders, a sharp contrast to the startling white of her hair. Outside, the wind scours the desert clean of any sign of her arrival, wailing high and lonely through the bones of a thousand derelict ships.

Inside one of them, Padmé raises his rough clay cup to her lips and takes a delicate sip. “Have you grown to enjoy it, then?”

“The sand?” Obi-Wan eases himself onto the cushion opposite her, wincing a little as he settles. Old stuffing, older bones. “I suppose it’s a familiar enough nuisance. There are few perfect places in this universe.”

“Jedi,” she sighs, her eyes dipping closed. An unaccountably soft smile lingers behind the cup. “It’s amazing how unimaginative you all are. I still have trouble believing Master Yoda hid for years in a swamp.”

“Dagoba is a realm of holy relics,” Obi-Wan protests.

“A holy swamp,” Padmé says, utterly dry. “Ben, my closest friends, my own *children* had no idea I lived until we had managed the fall of the Empire. Somehow I escaped detection without spending those years nerf-herding in some Forcebarren sand pit.”

“You were never one to stand idly by,” Obi-Wan says, smiling.

She gives him an imperious look. “Certainly not. And I would have said the same of you, long ago.”

He scratches at his beard a little ruefully. “I wouldn’t call myself idle, precisely.”

Padmé sighs, and takes another sip. “Yes,” she says. “Let us talk about the girl.”

The moment Padmé had emerged from her shuttle, Rey had shown her best Jakkan manners and snarled like a rabid porg before darting away to hide. She is currently crouched above them, watching from between gaps in the tangle of wires in the ceiling that make their salvaged ship habitable. Obi-Wan doesn’t know if Padmé is aware, and hasn’t glanced upwards in case it sends Rey scurrying away again.

“She helps me,” he said, spreading his hands. “She was indentured to a scrapper to pay her parents’ debts. There are many such children on this planet, unfortunately.”

“Are there.” Padmé rests the cup on her folded knees, thumbs idly stroking the rough sides. “On Tatooine, you chose to keep your solitude.”

He gives a glib shrug. “Solitude is much easier to keep when one has the faculties. For instance, Rey has proved to be very good bait for the nightwatcher worms. Also, digging latrines.”

“I have not!” the girl in question yells from above them, and Obi Wan looks up in feigned surprise. Her little face is red and scrunched into a furious scowl. “You’re the one who always knocks something over and makes them chase us!”

“That does sound like Ben,” Padmé says, and when he glances back at her she’s smiling at the ceiling. “Hello, Miss Rey.”

“Yes, hello Rey,” Obi Wan says. “Are you planning to join us?”

“‘M not a miss,” Rey mutters, and pulls back into her canopy of mechanical parts.

“But you are being very rude to our guest,” he observes. “Padmé is a dear friend and very important me. I would like to introduce you, so please come down from there.”

Rustling, and a glimpse of narrowed eyes through cabling. “She smells weird,” Rey announces, deeply suspicious, and Obi-Wan sighs.

“It’s perfume, darling ,” Padmé says with a hint of laughter. “I imagine it does smell strange if you’ve never encountered it.”

There's more movement above them, and Rey suddenly drops from an open panel. She crouches there like she might run off again at any moment. "Perfume?" she says skeptically. "The cantina viddiebots use perfume. They don't smell like you."

"I told you to never go in the cantina," Obi Wan says, appalled, and Rey has the temerity to roll her eyes at him.

"It is from a different planet," Padmé says diplomatically. "As I am. One a very long way away from Jakku."

"Jakku is far away from everywhere," Rey points out. "So why are you here?"

That is the question, isn't it. Rey watches Padmé curiously and Obi Wan is curious too, in a sense, but he has known where this is leading since he realized a ship was inbound, and feeling a gentle sense of impending melancholy for weeks. Nostalgia for things not yet lost.

"I have been asked to investigate a vision," Padmé says, turning her eyes to his. "Of a master not quite as lost as he seemed, and his new apprentice, hiding in the shadows of a war long finished."

"I thought we weren't supposed to talk about the 'prentice stuff," Rey says.

Obi Wan smiles at Padmé. "We weren't. It appears we have been discovered anyway."

"We can take her," Rey says confidently, and Obi Wan is startled into a laugh.

"Of that I am certain," Padmé says. "But you could also come with me."

"Where?" Rey asks, suspicious again.

Padmé is still looking at Obi Wan. "Oh, many places. Coruscant, certainly. Perhaps Chandrila and Kashyyyk. Bespin when you're older, I know many of the other apprentices like it."

Obi Wan stares at her. "Other apprentices?"

"There are several, yes," Padmé says. "I'm afraid I can't give you exact numbers. More seem to appear every year."

"And other masters have also arisen?" Obi Wan asks. "But from where?"

"There is only one master," Padmé says. "For now, at least."

"Oh," Obi Wan says, seeing it unfold in gruesome detail in his mind's eye. "Oh, no. Is he really?"

"I don't need another master," Rey declares. "Obi is bad enough!"

"And I am quite a bit better than the alternative," he says, mostly to himself. "A child teaching children. There's no chance *that* could end badly."

“He would remain your sole master, I expect,” Padmé says to Rey. “But you would have fellow students, friends. A new home at the center of the galaxy. What do you think about that?”

Rey doesn’t have to think very hard about it at all. “With you and Obi?” she says, making a face. “No thanks.”

She disappears into the bowels of the junked ship and Padmé ducks her head, biting back a grin as Obi Wan glares in affront at Rey’s retreating back. “Luke was such a sunny child,” he says. “I don’t really know what went wrong with this one.”

“Luke was raised by two generous, loving parents,” Padmé tells him, shoulders starting to shake with suppressed laughter. “Whereas *Rey* appears to have turned out exactly as I imagined any offspring of yours might!”

“... she really does detest him, doesn’t she,” Padmé says, watching Rey grind her darling grandson’s face into a flower bed. She’s half his size, the poor boy, but vicious in a way Padmé’s spoiled little Ben has minimal experience with.

Obi-Wan sets his cup down on their finely-worked table, next to a gently-steaming pot and plate of sandwiches. It is proper tea, not the kind reconstituted from the last dusty insides of a faded tin, which even an ascetic should appreciate more than he seems too. “I wouldn’t say that,” he says. “I think she likes him.”

They’re sitting close together, his hand over hers, her head on his shoulder. “Hm,” she says. “And is showing it by destroying my gardens? Even for you, that is remarkably unperceptive.”

“What?” Obi-Wan protests. “The play-fighting? It seems tame, compared to what we got up to in the creche.” A piece of paving stone pries itself free and wavers menacingly into the air. “No permanent injuries, please!” he calls down to them.

“That explains so much,” Padmé murmurs, closing her eyes.

“ *Stop it! I’m telling Grandmother!”*

“She doesn’t care! She thinks you’re spoiled!”

“Am not!”

“Are so!”

“Still,” Padmé says. “A little humiliation might be good for him in the end.”

Chapter End Notes

‘viddiebots’ are VD-bots and nightwatcher worms are a thing

"Destiel with Cas as a confident sex God. (not literally) (well unless you wanna)"

Chapter Summary

it's porn dudes

The pillows are on the floor. Dean knows because he's looking straight at them, head hanging off the side of the bed along with half the sheets, hands clinging desperately to bare mattress as his shoulders slide closer and closer to the edge.

"*Cas,"* he says, or tries to say, "fuck, I'm going to—"

"Not yet," Castiel says immediately, and *slows down,* the absolute— absolute worst—

"No no no," Dean whines, and maybe he'd blush if his face wasn't already on fire. His thighs are screaming but he tightens them around Castiel anyway, and risks moving one hand to Castiel's forearm and gripping hard. "Please. God, *please*, Cas—"

"Don't," Castiel says, nearly as breathless as Dean but watching him with clear, heated eyes, drawing back achingly slow. "Not yet, Dean."

"If you keep—" At this speed Dean can feel every inch as he sinks back in, the slick drag, the stretch, and the rest of the sentence is a tortured moan. Fucking fine*;* at this point, he's willing to fall off the fucking bed if it means he gets to *come.*

"Shhh," Castiel says, hands under Dean's hips, moving him up into each long stroke while he leans down to kiss Dean's throat. It feels so fucking good, and then his hands are smoothing up Dean's arms to link their fingers and they're chest to chest, Dean caged under him. He bottoms out and stays there, grinds into him a little, small movements keeping just enough friction going for Dean to lose his mind.

"Cas, no," he says frantically, jerking at the grip he has on his hands. "Don't stop, please, I *can't*."

Castiel makes a pleased noise into his collarbone and marks a slow path up his neck to his jaw and finally his mouth as Dean twitches and squirms under him, finally subsiding as Castiel kisses him.

"Oh," he says when Dean's head drops back, muscles trembling with the effort of holding it up. "You're about to fall off."

“Give the man a prize,” Dean mutters, then yelps as Castiel drags him back through the sweaty mess of sheets, pulling until Dean’s hips are in his lap, legs spread wide so he can *see* where Castiel is fucking into him, pink and shining wet with lube. His dick kicks and Dean covers his face with both arms.

“Dean,” Castiel says, still breathing into Dean’s mouth. He kisses the corner of his lips, the underside of Dean’s arm. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Dean says, eyes screwed shut. “Just fucking— fuck me, is that so hard?”

Castiel makes a considering noise. “Let me see you?”

“No fucking way,” Dean mumbles, but Castiel is nuzzling his way under, soft lips and a happy sigh as Dean gradually gives way, lingering kisses brushed over his cheek, the side of his nose, one eyebrow. Dean glares up at him in hazy outrage, and Castiel smiles back.

“That’s better,” he says, and rolls his hips luxuriously. Dean shudders, and holds onto him for dear life.

Supernatural 86 Ellen/Mary “I got you a present.”

The last quiet drunk slips out of the bar while she’s not watching, and it’s almost three in the morning by the time Ellen looks up from a rerun of *Gunsmoke* and sees there’s just an empty glass at a far table, a faded dollar bill tucked under it. She puts the dollar in her pocket, puts the chairs up, gets tired of mopping about halfway through and leaves the floors under the booths sticky. The dumpsters are frozen shut, so she leaves the trash bags on the lee side where the snow’s the thinnest; she doubts the coyotes will be interested in her garbage tonight.

The trek from there to the house is another icy Iditarod. Jo’s a good girl, and she’s done her dishes from dinner and left her mom half a can of Chef Boyardee in the fridge. Ellen stares at it, unable to even imagine completing the steps necessary to turn the cold tin into a warm bowl, and just shuts the door again.

She’s flat on her back on the couch, thinking about nothing and watching smoke drift silently towards the ceiling, when something thumps against the front door. She glances over in time to see the handle jiggle, and stubs out her cigarette as it starts to turn.

She doesn’t go for the gun safe in the closet. There’s a flat blackness outside the windows that speaks to the early, early hour, and there aren’t too many people with Harvelle keys who’d invite themselves in on the wrong side of dawn. Mary doesn’t look surprised to see Ellen on the other side of the threshold when it swings open, though Dean blinks big green eyes at her, mouth caught mid-yawn.

“Hey, El,” Mary says.

“Hey yourself. Hi, Dean.”

“‘Lo,” the kid mumbles.

Sammy is sacked out cold on Mary’s shoulder, the way only toddlers can be. “I’ve got a couple things to grab from the car,” she says, pulling his chubby little arms from around her neck. “Could you—?”

“Yeah,” Ellen says, already reaching out, and gets Sam settled against her chest as Mary gives Dean a nudge and heads back down the stairs. Sam snuffles in Ellen’s ear, a small whine before subsiding. She rubs his back a little, holds out her other hand to Dean. “You ready for bed, honey?”

“I’m okay,” Dean says, lip poking out. He’s clutching the strap of a backpack too big for him, bent over with the weight, and watching her hold Sam with a sulky frown. “I’m not tired.”

She smiles down at him, a little sad. “What about helping me with your brother, then?”

The two of them are buried in blankets on opposite ends of the couch by the time Mary comes back in. She looks grim. “Brought you a present,” she says, struggling to get her coat

off, then bending to pull off her boots. She's all snow up to her thighs, denim stiff with frost. "Would have taken care of it, but the ground's frozen solid."

"I could have told you that," Ellen says, wondering what else is sheltering behind her dumpsters tonight. "We'll get it in the morning."

"I know, I just... damn it," Mary says, yanking at her laces. "Damn it, *damn it—"*

"Mom?" Dean says sleepily from the couch.

"It's nothing, honey. Go to sleep," Ellen says while Mary stares blindly down at her feet, then jerks her head up when Ellen touches her elbow. "Kitchen?"

Ellen sits her down, grabs an old, open bottle of red from the stove and sets a glass in front of her. Instead of reaching for it, Mary inhales, then covers her face with her hands and breathes wetly for a moment. Ellen kneels on the linoleum to start working the icy knots open.

"We're okay," Mary says as the first boot comes off, and that's familiar. God knows Dean isn't getting his coping skills from John Winchester, the poor dead bastard. "Just had a little run in on the road."

"I'm a little surprised to see you this far north, is all," Ellen says. She tugs off the other boot and sets under the chair. "Thought you guys were making a go in Illinois. Dean started first grade this year, right?"

"First grade," Mary says, hands slowly falling to her lap. "Right."

She doesn't say anything else at the table, just drinks what Ellen puts in front of her until the bottle is empty. She doesn't resist when Ellen tugs her out of the chair and down the hallway, past Jo's door with the pink-tinted nightlight spilling out onto the carpet, and lets herself be pushed on the bed and bullied out of her wet jeans.

Ellen gets her an old shirt to sleep in, and strips out of her own stinking bar clothes. Her Roadhouse tee smells like grenadine and menthols.

"I don't want to put you out," Mary mumbles from the bed.

"You're not going to," Ellen says, peeling out of her bra, and grabs her favorite sleepshirt from the floor: Hard Rock Houston. Bill was a big man; it hits her halfway to the knee. "Budge up."

They crawl under the cold sheets shivering together, and lie there while the flannel heats up around them. Mary is curled towards Ellen like a question mark, and Ellen answers by rolling in until their legs bump and she's mostly on her stomach. Mary's hand creeps out and tangles in the Hard Rock's hem, and her breath is unsteady in Ellen's ear.

"El, I—" She's whispering, like a secret. "God. I don't want it to be like this. Like my dad all over again. What would John think?"

Ellen thinks about that. "Don't know. And neither do you. Can only do your best."

Mary makes a low noise. “It doesn’t feel good enough, most nights.”

Ellen remembers the Boyardee in the bridge, feels the uncertain pinch in her belly that could be hunger, or nausea. “Yeah, well. You’ve got my best too, for what it’s worth.”

Silence, and then Mary’s body bends a little more, knees in against Ellen’s hip, her lips close to Ellen’s cheek. “Don’t sell yourself short, El.”

Destiel for prompt 83? "Just Once."

Chapter Summary

> Fluff and hurt-comfort but EMETOPHOBIA FOR TS FOR REAL, graphic descriptions of nausea, !!!, I almost made myself vom just writing this

“And only once,” Dean croaks.

“I understand,” Castiel says, so seriously that Dean kind of wants to smack him. But besides being a pain in his ass, Cas is also the only thing standing between him and days of rationing toilet-puking privileges with his brother at the Norfolk Motel 6, so he’ll allow it. Just this once.

It’s otherwise a nice day in Norfolk, bright and cooler. Dean squints into the sun, then looks back at the car, trying to gauge if he’ll make it all the way across the parking lot. Next to him, Castiel is peering intently at his face, fingers creeping towards his arm. Dean immediately holds up an unsteady hand.

“No.”

“But—”

“ *Hell* no. Do you see that?” Dean points, and his eyes are doing that weird doubling thing and he’s dizzy and sick but he thinks the blur crawling towards the Impala is Sam.

“There is absolutely no way I could have predicted that reaction,” Castiel says defensively.

Of course they’d tried the Magic Fingers first thing— it’d seemed logical at the time, to cure divinely-induced illness with your very own Christopher Lloyd in the outfield. Dean is so used to it by now the bright zing barely registers; he hadn’t given it a second thought. He’d even let Sam go first.

Sam, who’s currently on his hands and knees in the gravel, trying to get the Impala’s back door open without coming any further out of the fetal position, face a color Dean usually sees in corpses. Yeah, he’s not trying it no matter how sorry Cas looks.

“Sammy?” Dean calls, just checking.

“Bluugh,” Sam gurgles back, which is enough to finally send Dean wobbling down the wooden stairs after him.

“If we drive, I anticipate a further logistical difficulty,” Castiel says, following close behind. He’s festooned in extra clothes, gear bags, weapon cases, the works, because if Dean has to

carry anything heavier than his own damn self right now he's going down and not getting up. Sam can't even do that much.

"God, Cas, just— figure it out," Dean says, exhausted.

"But—"

"Please." Ugh, the sun is so sunny, ugh. "Please, I am begging you, do not make me talk anymore."

"... very well."

The 'further logistical difficulty' is Sam, flopped all over the back seat like the giant fucking asshole he is. He's facedown and unmoving, filling all available real estate with his legs sticking out the open door.

"Hey," Dean says, kicking them. "Scoot up."

Sam moans.

"Hey!"

"We could try to fly," Castiel says, *again* , the world's most obnoxious Clippy the Paperclip impersonator. "There's nothing to suggest that you both will have the same response to it as to restoration."

Sam moans louder. Dean says, "Restoration?"

Castiel sighs. "Please go sit in the front seat."

This is how Dean ends up slumped low on passenger's side, annoyed and so nauseous he can barely keep his head up. Castiel takes his sweet fucking time maneuvering all of Sam into the car, closing the doors and climbing behind the wheel. He's talking in his low, calm 'you dumbshits' voice, explaining reconstiwhatnow— something about reversing rather than accelerating something something and how mortal bodies usually fared better if blah blah blah. Dean understands basically nothing. He's too busy shivering and trying not to upchuck into the map pocket.

"Dean?" Castiel says, tone suggesting it's not for the first time.

" *What* ," Dean says, not opening his eyes.

"The keys. I'll need the keys."

"Fucking… pants pocket," Dean mumbles, then bats away Castiel's hand. "I'll get 'em, just…"

He cracks open an eye and sees Castiel leaning over him, eyebrows knitted and mouth curved down. "Dean…"

“Don’t fucking look at me like that,” Dean says, and manages to drag the keys from his jeans.

Sitting up is bad. Sitting up while the car is moving is horrible, worse than anything, and Dean screws his mouth and his eyes closed and manages to hang on for the first five miles or so before he calls uncle. Castiel pulls off next to a bridge and Dean makes it out of the car and into the ditch weeds, at least. While he’s folded over himself, contemplating the swirl of mud and bile in the water through watery eyes, another door opens behind him and there’s the sound of someone tossing their cookies out on the asphalt.

“Sam, if you fuck up my finish, so help me Jesus,” Dean says, coughing miserably.

“You are not faring any better,” Castiel says from close behind him, and a hand grips Dean’s shoulder. “Water?”

The bottle is open and tepid but he drinks it all, after he rinses his mouth out. He stays in the cattails for a few more minutes to make sure everything’s out, then wipes cold sweat away from his forehead with his shirt and pointedly doesn’t let Castiel help him back to the car.

“You could lay down if you wanted,” Castiel says as the engine turns over.

“Unless you’re driving from the floor, no I can’t,” Dean says, huddled against the window. The seatbelt is digging into his chest but he’s not interested in moving for the next, oh, twenty years.

As they start picking up speed, there’s a click, and the pressure eases. Dean lifts his head and squints at Castiel as the sash loosens across his torso. Castiel’s eyes are on the road, but his hand is on Dean’s arm.

“Cas?”

Castiel starts to pull him over, slow but inexorable. “Lay down.”

Pulling against him is useless, or at least useless when Dean’s muscles feel like overboiled spaghetti. “Where? I told you, there’s no—”

Dean’s cheek hits cheap chinos and he stops talking, staring at the bottom of the dashboard.

“There,” Castiel says.

It’s a little uncomfortable, with his legs still in the footwell. It’s an angle Dean hasn’t seen in — decades, maybe. Probably. It takes him a second to find his voice back.

“Uh, Cas? What’re we doing here?”

“I am driving. *You* are resting,” Castiel says quietly. His leg shifts under Dean’s head as he brakes for a curve.

There are marks in the plastic under the wheel, little knicks and scratches that are so familiar they make his eyes ache. It’s weird. Dean doesn’t remember the last time he was small enough to do this, that Dad would *let* him do this.

But… the engine is a sleepy rumble under Dean, and there's a breeze coming through the open windows. It smells like yellow grass and country road dust. The sun slants in low and warm over the seats, spreading heat over his legs and his chest where his shirt is still damp.

He moves his shoulder in, so the angle for his neck isn't so bad. A leg propped up on the seat helps too, and he sighs.

"Dean?"

A hand settles on his head, light but sure.

"Keep 'em at ten and two, man. Don't make me say it again," Dean says, and closes his eyes.

sastiel, for "Body Swap"!

Chapter Summary

Chapter-specific warnings/tags: PWP, They Are Indeed Swapped, Sorry to Everyone Who Was Expecting Better from Me Re; This Prompt

“This is,” Castiel says, nudging minutely forward. “This is—“

“Nn,” Sam says, strangled.

“Sam, I— oh,” Castiel says breathlessly, eyes sliding shut. His face has a extraordinary expression on it at the moment— or, actually, *Sam’s* face does. Long, wild hair is sticking to the wet inside of his lip, and his cheeks are blotchy, face furrowed in concentration. Sam is trying not to stare, or think about what his own borrowed face looks like, with his mouth open and his eyelids getting heavier the deeper Cas gets.

“ *Sam* ,” Castiel sighs in Sam’s own voice, head tipping forward, and slides in another hot, solid inch.

“Shit,” Sam says weakly, arms tightening around him. “I— *really* don’t think this is going to work. Maybe we should—”

“No— no, it is,” Castiel says in a rush, looking up, “I’m sure it is,” and Sam would laugh if he wasn’t dying on the end of his own dick.

“Just— *fffuck,”* Sam gasps as Castiel crowds in closer, arms braced above Sam’s head, and his hipbones finally settle against Sam’s ass. “Oh, fuck *me* .”

“Good?” Castiel looks earnest and dazed, a little desperate. “Is that good?”

Good is maybe not the word Sam would use, but he can’t actually get words out around the gasping.

“I like hearing the noises you make,” Castiel whispers, right into the side of Sam’s head, breath unsteady and hot, “I love the way you sound, how you make me sound.”
“Oh, Je— *ah* , ah, *fuck,* ” Sam pants. He knows exactly what Castiel means, because he’s never heard Castiel’s voice sound like this, stretched thin and breaking. When Castiel bucks in a little harder, Sam closes his eyes and moans out loud, hears *Castiel* moan out loud, and his own voice echo back at him.

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